

# JOHN PAUL JONES'S BODY ON ITS WAY TO AMERICA.

## Our Great Naval Fighter Had Many Sides to His Character.

The Glorious Fourth is especially glorious this year. One of the heroes of the struggle which commemorates has returned from the grave, as it were, to take part in its ceremonies. Though dead these last one hundred and thirteen years, and though lying in his coffin now in a foreign capital, the memory of his deeds will nevertheless be for many persons the chief inspiration of the day.

The discovery of the body of Captain John Paul Jones, which for a good part of a century was thought to be lost, and which was at last found by Ambassador Porter in an abandoned cemetery in Paris, has made many an American to-day realize as never before how valiantly his forefathers fought to make this a land of liberty. For the nonce the Revolution has been brought nearer than the war with Spain. John Paul Jones just now is "the man of the hour," and his exploits are told as if they had happened yesterday. In schools all over the land children have made him the theme of essay and declamation, much as they memorialized Dewey after the battle of Manila. Poets in every hedgerow are singing his praises anew. Historians have been raking out the dusty records of his life—faded letters, yellow memoirs—to publish in fresh volumes the story of his career. And there are John Paul Jones art shows, as, for example, the exhibit of portraits and prints opened yesterday, under the supervision of Frank Weitenkampf, at the Lenox Library.

Captain Jones, too, has become the chief idol of many women's clubs, one of which, in Philadelphia, recently voted to have a lifetime bust made of him "to beautify the tearoom." This, however, is not especially remarkable, as the "Chevalier," as he was sometimes called, in spite of a certain diffidence in the presence of the fair sex, made the more noticeable by his stammering speech, was exceedingly popular among women. For instance, a Miss Edes once wrote him: "To be sure, he is the most agreeable seawolf one would wish to meet. If I am in love with him, for love I may die. I have as many rivals as there are ladies."

In one way, therefore, it was a blessing that the body of the hero was lost so long. The postponement of his final burial has brought him a certain majesty of fame which otherwise might not have adorned his memory, and honors also which the jealousies of his own time prevented his having. Throughout his life and long after his death his character was maligned by those envious of his genius. Happily, time has worn this name bright. He is now to be honored with an imposing funeral. A special ambassador has been sent to Paris to represent this country at the ceremonies there this week, and an escort of American marines will guard the body on its way from the capital to Cherbourg. From Cherbourg a squadron of warships, more splendid, more powerful, than Jones ever dreamed of will bring him back across the ocean which he loved so well, and at Annapolis the last rites over his body will be performed in the presence of the highest officers of the nation.

### FUNERAL ARRANGEMENTS.

According to present plans Thursday is the day set for conveying the body of the dead captain from Paris to Cherbourg, and Saturday the date when the squadron will sail. The reburial at Annapolis will take place about ten days later, the body being placed at that time in a temporary vault, as the crypt in the chapel which will be its final resting place will not be completed for half a year. The month of July is especially appropriate for bringing Captain Jones's body home, as he was born and died in July.

In the belated funeral of this early warrior there is a grandeur, a bigness, that is peculiarly appropriate. There was a grandeur, a bigness, about the man himself. It was this very largeness of soul which led him to break with his mother country and take up arms against it. As one writer put it: "Jones was an oak planted in a flower pot. If he had not burst its walls and sent out his roots abroad he would have died." By birth he was a Britisher. He was born in the little town of Arbrington, Kirkcudbright, Scotland, some thirty miles from the English border. He was the son of a gardener, and his father wished him to pursue that same peaceful calling. But the boy was too big for such a life. He yearned for a greater sphere of action, and instinctively he turned to the sea. At the age of twelve he became a sailor. For years he roved about the ocean, but even then his lot was not large enough for him. He was not content to be an ordinary Jack Tar, skilled in handling a ship, but "ignorant of everything that wasn't wet," as he one time said. He studied every odd moment he had.

Many a flogging he got when a cabin boy for becoming so deeply interested in a book that he would not hear the captain's orders. One time when a heavy storm had overtaken the ship, and some of the older sailors were just on the point of breaking down and praying, young Paul Jones discovered reading in a corner of the fore-cabin. He was routed out of his seclusion with a smart box on the ear.

"What der you mean by skulkin' away with a book times like these?" demanded one of the crew.

"I wasn't skulkin'," replied the boy boldly. "I was reading Shakespeare's 'Tempest,' because I thought I could understand it better now than in a calm."

Had John Paul Jones been of a less expansive nature he might have been satisfied later to settle down on an estate bequeathed him by his brother William, near Fredericksburg, Va., where he took the name of Jones, and spend the rest of his life in retirement. Yet when war broke out, the little limits of his farm seemed a prison. He was eager to join the conflict, and fight not for but against his mother country. It was a cause, not a name, that he wanted to champion, and, as he himself expressed it later in a letter to the Countess of Selkirk:

"Though I have drawn my sword in the present generous struggle for the right of men, yet I am not in arms as an American. I profess myself a citizen of the world, totally unfettered by the little, mean distinctions which diminish the benevolence of the heart and set bounds to philanthropy."

In another letter to the French Minister of Marine, he wrote:

"I have drawn my sword only from motives of philanthropy and in support of the dignity of human nature."

### CLAIMS TO RENOWN.

Had Jones never won the victories which have made his name especially illustrious, he would still have made a memorable figure in American history. He was the first man to hoist the American flag, and he was also the first to obtain a salute for it by a foreign power.

It was on the flagship Alfred that Jones first displayed from the masthead the Stars and Stripes. He had received his first commission, that of first lieutenant, on December 22, 1775, and the historic duty was assigned to him by Commodore Esek Hopkins. For this reason the

flag was peculiarly dear to him, and even the sight of it, after he left America and lived in Paris, would always bring tears to his eyes. His love for it may be seen in a letter to Baron Van der Capellen, in which he said:

"I was born a Britisher, but I do not inherit the degenerate spirit of that fallen nation, which I at once lament and despise. America has been the country of my fond election from the age of thirteen, when I first saw it. I had the honor to hoist, with my own hands, the flag of freedom the first time it was displayed on the Delaware, and I have attended it with veneration ever since on the ocean."

The way in which Jones obtained the first salute for the flag illustrates his firmness of character and it also throws a bit of light on his fondness for the dramatic and picturesque. When captain of the Ranger, he met in a French port a French fleet in command of Commo-

Mary's Isle lived the Earl of Selkirk, and as he happened to be near by he planned to make that nobleman his prisoner. What was his chagrin, however, after swooping down on the island, to find his lordship away from home. Only the countess and her servants were there, and Jones was about to go when some of his men demanded prizes. They said they were so poorly paid by the American government that they ought to get some booty when there was a chance. The captain remonstrated, but as the men had just risked their lives at his command in the futile attack on Whitehaven he saw no objection unless he appeased them. As he explained afterward in a letter to the countess: "I had but a moment to think how I might gratify them and at the same time do your ladyship the least injury. I charged the two officers to permit none of the seamen to enter the house, or to hurt anything about it; to treat you, madam, with the utmost respect, to accept of the plate which was offered, and to come away without making a search or demanding anything else."

"I am induced to believe that I was punctually obeyed, since I am informed that the plate which they brought away is far short of the quantity expressed in the inventory which accompanied it. I have gratified my men; and when the plate is sold I shall become the purchaser, and will satisfy my own feelings by restoring it to you by such conveyance as you shall please to direct."

John Paul Jones kept his word. The plate

*Your Obedient very Obedient  
most humble servant  
John Paul Jones*

FACSIMILE OF JOHN PAUL JONES'S SIGNATURE.

dore Lamette-Riquet. The question accordingly arose as to how many guns should be fired in recognition of the new Republic. Jones demanded that as the chief representative of his country he should have as many guns fired for him as he fired for the commodore. He wanted gun for gun, and he would not come within saluting distance until he had learned the facts. At first in the French commodore hesitated about giving him any salute at all. Messages went back and forth between the two officers for some time, till the Frenchmen at last decided to give Jones nine guns, the full number accorded at that time to a republic and four less than he wished for himself, as the representative of a king.

"I won't quibble over details," said Jones to his lieutenant on learning of this decision. "If he will give us the full recognition of a republic I can't ask more." Accordingly, he sent word that nine guns would be satisfactory. The French waited for him, but he did not stir. He then explained that it was so late in the afternoon that the salute would not be seen to the best advantage. It was not until the next morning that in the bright sunshine he sailed his ship right into the middle of the French fleet and fired his guns; and in return was given the first salute to the American flag.

### ENGLISH DISLIKED HIM.

Jones was judged by the men of his own time in various ways. In England he was regarded as a pirate, in certain court circles of France as a society man; in America as a military genius. Yet even in the land which should have regarded him only with love and respect, he was treated with respect and disrespect. The populace idolized him, for it knew him only as the hero of battle, but there were a few who had hoped to succeed like him, but failed, and who, accordingly, hated him. They called him a braggart and a poser. They, like the British, stigmatized him as a traitor, saying that he fought for America, as the politicians of to-day would put it, "just for what was in it." Before he had won his first fight these same vilifiers kept whispering that he was only a spy, and at the right moment he would go over to the British.

That John Paul Jones was no pirate, but a man of honor, both in war and peace, is proved, say his admirers, in manifold ways. His attacks on the British coast, where whenever possible he burned ships or set fire to warehouses, were in no way prompted by the instincts of a buccannier. He did not do it to enrich himself, but to demoralize the enemy. The British navy has too big to tackle face to face, and accordingly Jones operated his ships as a true mosquito fleet, to worry, not kill, his antagonist. As he wrote to the United States commissioners at Paris:

"We cannot yet fight with their navy, as their numbers and force are far superior to ours. Therefore, it seems to be our most natural province to surprise their defenceless places, and thereby divert their attention and draw it from our coasts."

The raid by Jones and his men on the estate of the Earl of Selkirk, when he took away a quantity of plate, used to be mentioned as a striking illustration of "Paul Jones's piracy."

Leaving Whitehaven, near his home in Scotland, where in the early morning he had made a daring, though practically unsuccessful, attack, it occurred to him to capture some English lord for a hostage. In this way he would compel the English to treat American prisoners generously or bring about their release. At St.

was returned, although he had to buy it back at his own cost.

### NOT A LOVER OF COURTS.

Though for a time Jones seemed to enjoy the social life of Paris and did not resent the title of Chevalier that the courtiers gave him, yet in his heart he despised the hollow gaiety of the French capital. Had he not been dependent on the French treasury to buy him ships and pay the expenses of his cruises he might have abandoned it all long before he did. Just before he did leave Paris he wrote to Robert Morris:

"You will observe with pleasure that my connection with a court is at an end, and that any prospect of returning to America approaches. The great seem only to wish to be concerned with tools who dare not speak or write the truth."

Of the Russian court Jones made much the same comment. At the request of Catherine II he had become an admiral in the Russian navy and fought valiantly in the cause of Christianity against the Turks, but because of the intrigues

of his fellow officers his services received little recognition. As he said in his own account of this experience:

"It is painful to reflect on how many malevolent and deceitful persons surround the great." While fighting with the Turks Jones was bidden by a companion officer to follow the traditional Russian custom of exaggerating his successes as far as possible. This he refused to do, and in consequence he was completely overshadowed by the flamboyant reports of his rivals. He refers to this when he says:

"Since I am found too frank and too sincere to make my way at the court of Russia without creating powerful enemies, I have the philosophy to withdraw."

### HIS GREATEST FIGHT.

To Americans John Paul Jones appears most glorious as the captain of the Bon Homme Richard. The magnificent courage he displayed in going into battle aboard that leaky, unseaworthy boat against the staunch and powerful British frigate Serapis has made him an immortal part of American history. The story of his gallant fight has been told best by a "man behind the gun," who wrote a description of the battle for a Natchez, Miss., paper in 1830, on learning of the death of George Richards, a fellow seaman aboard the Richard and a man of exceptional bravery. Unfortunately he failed to sign his name. He told how the two fleets began the fight off Flamborough Head, and then added:

"The action raged with hour violence, and the blood ran ankle deep out of the ship's scuppers. Our rigging was cut to atoms, and finally both ships took fire, so that both friend and foe were obliged to rest from fighting that they might extinguish the flames. The Richard, being old, was soon shot through and through, and began to sink. In this awful condition Jones's voice was heard above the din of the battle, ordering to grapple with the enemy. We accordingly made our ship fast to the Serapis, and it was easily done, as the two ships were so near each other that when I drew out the rammer to the gun I belonged to the end of it touched the side of the Serapis. Thus fastened together, we fought without resting, until nearly all our guns were burst or dismantled—the ship nearly full of water—and Lieutenant Grubb shot dead by Jones's own pistol for hauling down the colors without orders, and which happened at my elbow, our decks covered with dead and dying and our ship cut up into splinters."

"While in this awful and desperate situation my friend Roberts, seeing how near spent we were, jumped on to the main yard of our vessel, which projected directly over the decks of the Serapis, with a bundle of hand grenades. These he contrived to throw down upon the Serapis's deck, and succeeded in blowing up two or three of their powder chests, the explosion of which killed and wounded a great many men. The captain of the Serapis, perceiving his activity, ordered some shots fired at Roberts. One of them struck the rope by which he supported himself, and caused him to fall on the gunwale of the enemy's ship, which observing, I caught hold of him and pulled him aboard. He immediately got on the same yardarm again, with a fresh supply of hand grenades and made such a dreadful havoc on the enemy's deck that a few minutes they surrendered. For this great bravery Paul Jones publicly thanked him on the quarterdeck of the Serapis the next afternoon, giving him double allowance of grog for the week afterward."

"It was near midnight when the action terminated."

The victory of Jones was the more remarkable because at the climax of the battle an insubordinate French captain aboard the American frigate

Alliance came up and fired a broadside at him, killing many of his men.

There is also an element of mystery in the character of this remarkable man. His original name was John Paul, but on settling in America he added Jones. Why he chose this particular name he never would tell. Neither would he affirm or deny the truth of the saying that he was a descendant of that Thane of Scotland who slew Macbeth. His mother before her marriage was a Macduff.

### A JOHN PAUL JONES DAY.

School Children Will Celebrate It Next Fall—Library Books for Summer Reading.

As it is the intention of the school authorities to celebrate a John Paul Jones Day next fall, the superintendent of libraries has prepared a list of books and articles telling of the famous admiral, and copies of these lists will be sent soon to the children in all the public schools. They are to be able to utilize them in the summer holidays. It is not definitely decided what day next fall will be chosen for the celebration. Paul Morton, as Secretary of the Navy, announced a few weeks ago that the formal ceremonies incident to the reburial of John Paul Jones would probably take place on September 22 at Annapolis, and the anniversary of the fight between the American vessel Bon Homme Richard and the British vessel Serapis, off Flamborough Head, on the east coast of England. The encounter resulted in one of Jones's most notable victories. The lists are as follows:

**IN CLASS LIBRARIES.**  
Beebe, "Four American Naval Heroes," grades 4 and 5.  
Brooks, "The American Sailor," page 119, grade 7.  
Frothingham, "Sea Fighters from Drake to Farragut," page 215, grades 6 and 7.  
Hale, "The Serapis," page 129, grade 6.  
Loring, "Story of the United States Navy," grades 7 and 8.  
Markham, "Colonial Days," (Cruise of "The Ranger," Chapter XII), grades 4 and 5.  
Seawell, "Twelve Naval Captains," grades 6, 7 and 8.  
Soloy, "Boys of 1812 and Other Naval Heroes," Chapter IV, grades 6 and 7.  
**STORIES.**  
Cooper, "The Pilot" (based on career of Paul Jones), grades 7 and 8.  
Seawell, "Paul Jones," grade 7.  
**POEMS.**  
"Paul Jones's Victory," in Easton's American War Ballads, Volume I, page 83, grades 5, 6, 7 and 8.  
"The Yankee Man-of-War," in Easton's American War Ballads, Volume I, page 81, grades 5, 6, 7 and 8.  
Same in Seawell's ballads of American bravery, page 27, grade 7 and 8.  
**FOR REFERENCE.**  
For extensive list of John Paul Jones, see in any public library:  
Buell, A. C., Paul Jones, founder of the American navy, two volumes, and the following magazine articles:  
Fiske, "John Paul Jones and the Armed Neutrality," "Atlantic Monthly," Vol. LX, page 786 (December, 1887).  
"Funeral of John Paul Jones," "Atlantic Monthly," Vol. LXV, page 712 (May, 1890).  
Loring, "John Paul Jones," "Harper's Monthly," Vol. XI, page 145 (July, 1885).  
Mahan, "John Paul Jones in the Revolution," "Seafarer's Magazine," Vol. XXIV, pages 22 and 24 (July-August, 1888).  
Seawell, "Paul Jones," "Century," Vol. XXVII, page 572.

### THE ARVERNE HOTEL OPENED.

The Arverne Hotel, at Arverne, Long Island, was opened on Thursday. The hotel is on the ocean front, and is considered one of the finest on Long Island. It is under the management of I. H. Rosenfeld, the proprietor, who also manages the Café Boulevard, in this city. The

house has been entirely refurnished, and is equipped throughout with every modern convenience, including indoor sea water baths, gymnasium, etc. There will be concerts nightly, and a la carte dinners will be served in the Casino every day. The number of guests at the opening indicates a highly successful season.

### ON SHELTER ISLAND.

Manhasset House Open—Delightful Days Enjoyed.

Manhasset House, Shelter Island, July 1 (Special).—The Manhasset House has had its usual opening, and is filling up with guests. The week of the Fourth will bring an influx, but for the last few days people who care for the quiet and beauty of nature have had an opportunity to enjoy these to the utmost. For the matter of that, there is always a chance for quiet at the Manhasset, with its acres of woodland. Shelter Island is a surprise to the visitor accustomed to the average open, sandy, seashore place. Go a little way from the water's edge here and one might fancy being in the heart of an inland forest.

The cottages are beginning, one by one, to show open doors and people on the verandas. Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Baxter, of New-York, have opened theirs. Miss Alice Jones, of Philadelphia, has been spending a few days with Mrs. Baxter. Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Atha, of Newark, are in their cottage for the season.

Arrivals at the hotel include F. P. Scudder, of New-York, who has been here for many years, and who has come, as usual, for the season; Mrs. J. A. Hickwell, Miss Teresa Hickwell, Miss Fannie Bickwell, W. Baxter, with his family; the Rev. George Theodore Dowling, and Dr. M. W. Seagers, all of New-York. Dr. Seagers is the resident physician at the Manhasset. Among those from other cities are Mrs. H. Guimery, of Newark; Frederic Guimery, of Philadelphia, and I. Clinton Slagle, of Baltimore. Wednesday saw the arrival of a bridal couple, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Kaine, of St. Louis. Mrs. Kaine was a Miss Solari, of New-Orleans. With her are her sisters, the Misses Laura, Georgiana and Maude Solari. The Solaris have been coming to Manhasset for several summers. Mrs. G. Hurlbut, of New-Orleans, is with the party.

On Thursday, the orchestra, which is from the St. Andrew Hotel, in New-York, played in the parlor for the first time. There was dancing in the evening. On the Fourth there will be a hop, a lawn fête and various festivities, but the quiet will not be disturbed by any noisy celebration. At the clubhouse, headquarters of the Manhasset Manor Country Club, preparations for the season have been made. The golf links are in good order, and so are the tennis courts, but playing is not active yet. Thought here and there one sees a few white figures, with golf clubs, scattered over the downs. This clubhouse is an old Colonial mansion, dating from the year 1770, and from the hill behind it the people in the time of the Revolution, watching the British men-of-war that were wintering in Gardiner's Bay. What would those patriots, and what would Thomas H. Dering, Esquire, who erected this mansion near a century and a half ago, say if they could see the modern game of golf being played in their preserves? At any rate, the modern golf players are having a good time.

There is not much bathing going on now, but the few persons who know the delight and exhilaration of a plunge in salt water of a good, healthy coolness are having a daily swim down under the lee of the hotel, where the bathhouses stand. The days are delightfully sunny and a half ago, say if they could see the modern game of golf being played in their preserves? At any rate, the modern golf players are having a good time.

### BUSY LAKE GEORGE DAYS.

Two Conventions Serve to Fill Up Last Week of June.

Lake George, N. Y., July 1 (Special).—The last week of June has been a busy one at Lake George, for two large conventions, differing widely in character, but little in enthusiasm, have been held. On Tuesday and Wednesday the Street Railway Association of New-York State held its twenty-third annual session at the New Fort William Henry Hotel. This convention was attended by over three hundred street railway officials, many of whom were accompanied by their wives, and a large number of supply men, who made an excellent exhibit of traction appliances in the casino, which was so arranged that it looked like a miniature exposition building.

While the men were giving their time to discussions and business matters, the women were entertained by trolley rides through the mountain valleys and by an excursion on the lake. On Tuesday evening \$500 worth of fireworks were set off, and on Wednesday evening the convention closed with a dinner, at which W. Cary Ely, of Buffalo, was toastmaster. Among the metropolitan representatives were Oren Root, Jr., Joseph Higgins and Henry A. Robinson. The following officers were elected: President, R. E. Danforth, Rochester; first vice-president, B. B. Nostrand, Jr., Peekskill; second vice-president, J. H. Pardee, Canandaigua; secretary, C. B. Fairchild, Jr., New-York; executive committee—E. F. Peck, Schenectady; P. M. Wilson, Buffalo; Oren Root, Jr., New-York, and J. N. Shannahan, Gloversville.

A convention of over 750 college girls interested in the work of the Young Women's Christian Association began early in the week at Silver Bay, to last for ten days. The mornings are given up to classes for instruction similar to those held in the colleges, and the afternoons are devoted to recreation, when field sports of all kinds are enjoyed. The guests are Mr. and Mrs. Silver Bay, to last for ten days. The mornings are given up to classes for instruction similar to those held in the colleges, and the afternoons are devoted to recreation, when field sports of all kinds are enjoyed. The guests are Mr. and Mrs. Silver Bay, to last for ten days. The mornings are given up to classes for instruction similar to those held in the colleges, and the afternoons are devoted to recreation, when field sports of all kinds are enjoyed. The guests are Mr. and Mrs. Silver Bay, to last for ten days.

Among the cottagers who have arrived recently are Edward Barr, at the Lake George Country Club; Milton Robie and family and George Bostwick and family, at the Circle corner, for the cottagers and regular hotel patrons. Mrs. W. D. Mann, at Waltonian Island; Eben Miller and L. K. Bingham, at Hague.

General and Mrs. Charles P. Egan, of New-York, will spend part of July at Leeside, Hague, as guests of General and Mrs. J. G. C. Lee.

The Lake George Regatta Association will hold its annual regatta on August 17. This is always one of the chief attractions of the summer.

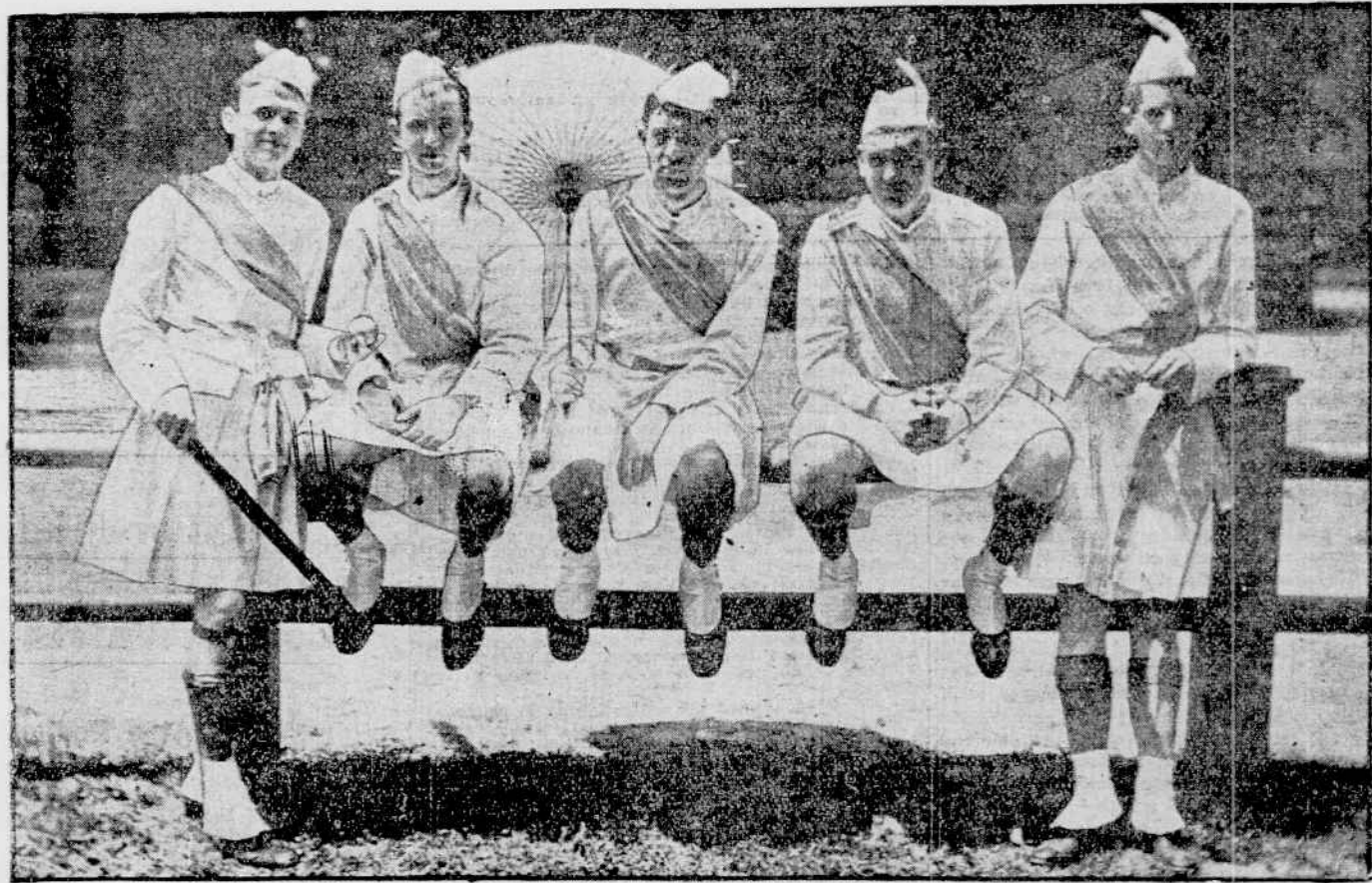
For the cottagers and regular hotel patrons who participate in the rowing and launch races, for which valuable prizes are given.

William J. Le Compte, secretary of the Court of Appeals, has leased a cottage at the lake for the season.

The hotels have not had many patrons in June, but July promises better, so the managers say.

### HOTEL GRAMATAN, BRONXVILLE.

Although scarcely a month old, the new Hotel Gramatan, at Bronxville, has already reached its capacity of nearly four hundred guests. The grounds are rapidly approaching a finished condition, and within the month there will be seen a marked improvement in the surroundings. The "lawn" evening "hops," which were instituted two weeks ago, have already become popular with the residents of Lawrence Park, as well as visitors. Among the guests are Mr. and Mrs. William H. Class, Mr. and Mrs. James Talbot, Miss Edith Talbot, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Sutor, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Cowan, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Cowan, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Snyder, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Gilles, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Allyn, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Lowerre, Miss P. M. Lowerre, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert M. Appell, Mr. and Mrs. W. Harding, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lanning, Mrs. Durant, Miss Durant, Mr. and Mrs. Radcliffe Baldwin, Mrs. H. B. Platt, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Crowell, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Honeyman, Mrs. J. E. Sawyer and Miss Sawyer, of New-York.



'02 MEN IN KILTS AT YALE COMMENCEMENT LAST WEEK.

## Bare Legs at Yale Commencement.

### Class of '02 Springs a Surprise Upon Its Alma Mater.

New-Haven, July 1 (Special).—New-Haven and Yale will long remember the class of '02, that came back for its triennial reunion this week in the most novel uniforms ever attempted by a Yale class. The '02 boys wore Highland costumes of the approved cut, with short kilts, bare legs and short stockings, and took the town and campus by storm. A peculiarity of the Yale costume imitative of the Scots was the amount of bare leg that was visible. No Scot ever wore such a short stocking and such a high skirt. New-Haven girls lost their countenances completely when the Yale boys hove in sight on the streets. When the reunion fellows saw the commotion they were causing they made it a point to promenade through the crowds of femininity here for Yale's commencement, and then turn sharply about to catch the girls "rubbering." It has been a usual practice this week on Chapel-st. to discover an elderly woman placidly walking along on shopping bent, and to see what happens to her expression when she meets her first Highlanders. The usual thing has been a round stare of amazement first, then a complete cessation of all pedal activity incident to turning slowly around on a pivot as the boys have passed her, then a gradual opening of the mouth, followed by a remark like "Oh, my!"

One of the city motormen at the Green saw his first Highlander and said: "Why don't you go home and put on your pants?" For answer the Yale boy lifted his skirts and showed a neat pair of blue tights underneath. Many thought the tights were too high and the socks too low. One of the '02 boys facetiously remarked that his class might be made up of prodigal sons, but for the majority no attention had been paid to the "fatted calf." The Scotch costumes were pure white, with a blue sash from the shoulder to the waist, tied in a Scotch knot at the belt line. The

skirts were short and white and stood out like a ballet dancer's, the socks were blue and low and the shoes white. With a white Scotch cap and feather the costume was complete. All the week the class paraded the streets in these costumes and did Highland flings on the street corners, to the fright of girls and the intense pleasure of the small boys. Hordes of these youngsters followed each group of Scots about the streets and blew pins through tin pipes at their legs. A favorite amusement of the '02 men themselves was to pluck hairs from the shins of their classmates to the words of the old household ditty, "One she loves me, two she don't," etc. When in doubt a fellow would pull two hairs. The boys who had smooth shins had the best of the bargain.

"Lobe" Fox, who was a member of this class and is now a lawyer in New-York and one of the leaders in all forms of sport at the Yale Club, is said to be the originator of this unique scheme for celebrating a reunion. In college Fox was originator and president of the Yale Criminal Club till the faculty sat down on him. He was also editor of "The Yale Lit." He came to town this week wearing a green sash, which he said he had a right to wear, as he was the only one of the famous Criminal Club who had been arrested outside of the United States. In Yale this club was composed only of men who had been arrested in New-Haven for sign stealing and minor complaints. It was he who suggested this costume, and who thought of the idea of wearing women's chatelaine bags at the waist

for pipes and tobacco. On Tuesday morning the class found it had no pockets in its kilts, and so made a descent on a department store and bought all the women's purses in sight, stuffing them with matches and loose tobacco and pipes. The class made a great sensation when it marched to Yale Field for the ball game. Two hundred strong, it paraded out behind a band and two bagpipers hired for the occasion from Canada, performing all sorts of stunts on the way out. Three of the men who had been gymnasts in college went in front of the band and tumbled, stood on each others' shoulders and turned somersaults while the whole class raised its skirts like ballet girls and zigzagged up the avenue two miles to the field.

New-Haven won't get over the invasion of the laddies for some time, and the main talk of the town this week has been about them. Some of the songs of the Scotch class were especially liked. One of them was:

We're the clannmen of old Eli;  
Watch us flutter in the breeze;  
We're the braw young laddies  
In our fine new plaidies;  
Notice the hair on our knees,  
We're the pride of all creation,  
Bright and beautiful and new;  
The braw friends of Anson Stokes,  
The pride of Carlie Nation;  
Stand back—make way for 1902!

This was sung to the tune of "Yankee Doodle Dandy," and was one of the songs that were heard most frequently on New-Haven streets this week. Another was this, it being remembered that "Charlie" is the name of a well

known policeman, "Eddie Reed" that of a professor, "Mory's," the well known Yale café, as also "Heublen's."

Give my regards to Charlie,  
Remember me to Eddie Reed;  
Tell all the folks down Chapel Street  
We have not lost our heads.

Mention my name at Mory's  
And Heublen's across the Green;  
Three years away,  
We're home to-day;  
Remember me to Charlie Dean!

The "kitties" were closely followed this week at Yale by the sensation made by the class of '99 Sheriff, in their Japanese uniforms, of straw basket hat, blue kimono and sandals, with Japanese parasols. This class had a small cannon, which they drew out to Yale Field for the ball game, and shot off at intervals, with loud cries of "Banzai! Banzai!" the Japanese war cry. In fact, the scenes at the ball game were the most spectacular on record. Ten classes appeared in full force, with bands and drum corps in costume. The class of '02 S. made a stir with their live hog tied by strings, which went out Chapel-st. in an express wagon, and was then driven around the field at the head of the class and, squealing all the time. In course of the game the hog got away and scampered out on the diamond, where the Yale players "shooed" it off with their mittens. This class also had a novelty in the line of a class boy, which in this case was a small yellow dog picked up on the campus. He was pushed out to the field in a baby carriage, dressed in a baby's white cap and dress, but not into an altercation with the class hog in the march around the field.

No wonder the brother of Secretary Taft at the alumni dinner said the affair put him in mind of the story told of the recent installation of President Luther of Trinity. A farmer who attended those ceremonies said he had been to Barnum's and had had delirium tremens twice, but had never seen anything like that installation parade.